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AUTHOR:

LE CHEVALIER, JEAN B.

TITLE:

ULYSSES HOMER

PLACE:

LONDON

DATE:

1829

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Le Chevalier, Jean Baptiste, 1752-1836
Ulysses Homer; or, A discovery of the true author of the Iliad and Odyssey, by Constantine Koliades [pseud.] ... London, Murray, 1820.
xxiii, 67 p. 20½ cm.

Tr. from the French.

177303

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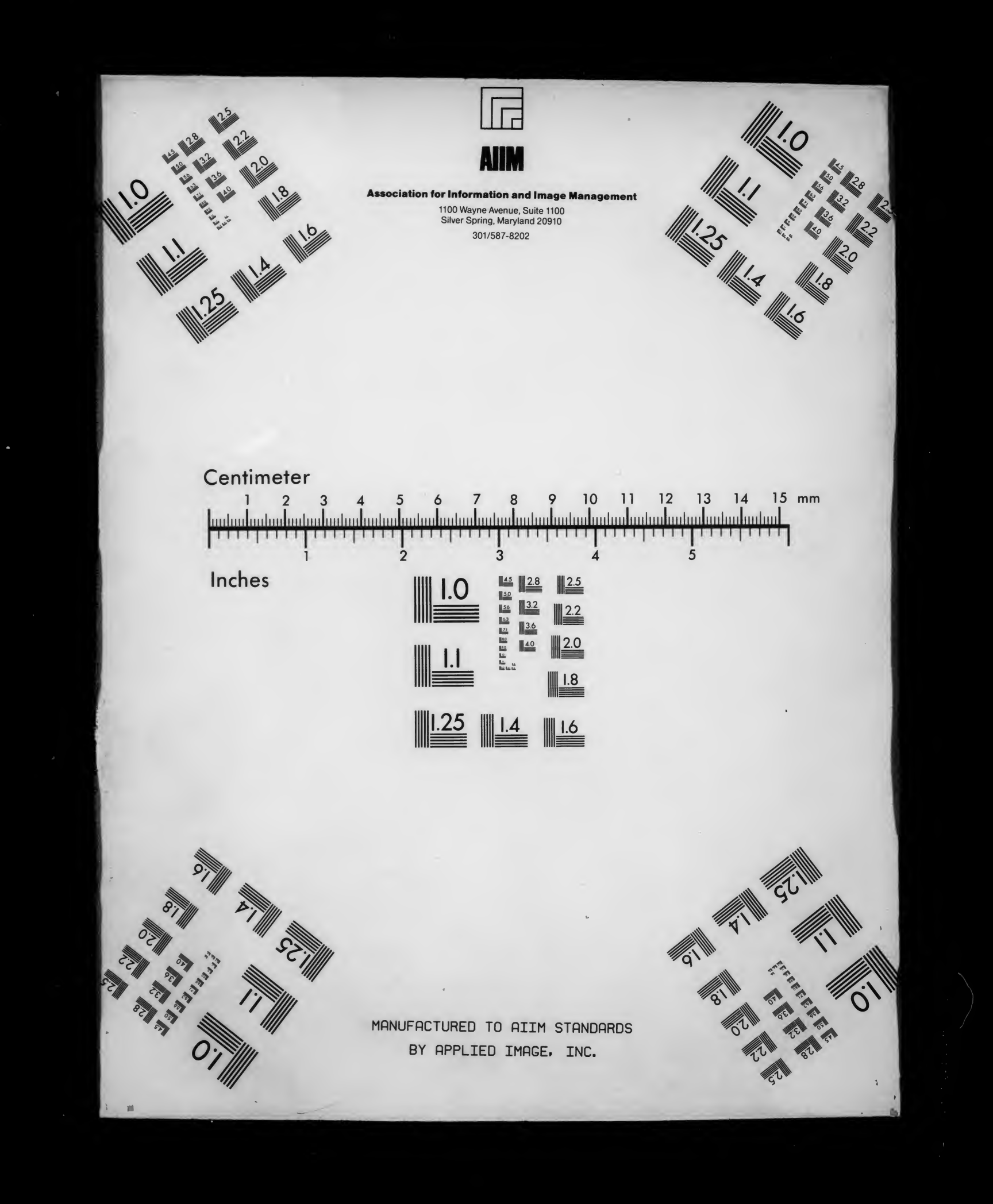
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ULYSSES HOMER;

OR

A DISCOVERY OF THE TRUE AUTHOR

OF THE

ILIAD AND ODYSSEY.

BY

CONSTANTINE KOLIADES,

PROFESSOR IN THE IONIAN UNIVERSITY.

ΜΥΘΟΝ Δ', ΩΣ Ο, Τ' ΑΟΙΔΟΣ, ΕΠΙΣΤΑΜΕΝΩΣ ΚΑΤΕΛΕΞΑΣ,
ΠΑΝΤΩΝ Τ' ΑΡΓΕΙΩΝ, ΣΕΟ Τ' ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΚΗΔΕΑ ΛΥΓΡΑ.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.
MDCCCXXIX.

52402
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LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE translator thinks it necessary to state that the following disquisition is meant but to serve as the introduction to a larger work, in which the same opinion is developed and supported, by the same ingenious author, much more in the detail. Indeed it is often by observations upon points apparently minute, and by the detection of coincidences seemingly trivial, that the most important truths are most firmly established. This larger work is actually finished, and the plans and views necessary for the illustration of the subject are already engraved. But the opinion therein broached respecting the real author of the Homeric poems being entirely new, it has been thought prudent to send forth the present little work into the world first, in order to try the sentiments of the learned on so interesting a subject.

It is proper to add, that the writer is not to be considered as one who, like father Hardouin, puts forth a fanciful paradox from the love of singularity, or in order to show his address. He firmly believes in the opinion which he promulgates; and his belief has not been formed in the retirement of the closet only, or from the study of the works of learned men, but from adventurous voyages and travels through the regions to which his inquiries relate.

London, November 19*th*, 1828.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF GUILFORD,

ETC., ETC., ETC.,

FOUNDER OF THE IONIAN UNIVERSITY.

MY LORD,

HAVING visited all the countries sung by Homer, you are at present engaged in diffusing the invaluable benefits of education over Greece; and, after the example of the heroes Podalirius and Machaon, you pour

a healing and soothing balm into her wounds.

It is to you, therefore, my Lord, that the respectful homage of my conjectures on the real author of the Iliad and Odyssey is due. If you honor them with your approbation, all the friends of the arts, who witness your generous sacrifices for Greece, will imitate your indulgence towards my labors, and, in concert with yourself, will perhaps assist me in lifting up a corner of the veil which for so many ages has withdrawn from the admiration of mankind the most sublime of poets,

the most skilful warrior, and the most accomplished shepherd of his people that has appeared on earth since the time of Moses.

I am,

My Lord,

With great respect,

Your Lordship's humble and obedient servant,

CONSTANTINE KOLIADES,

INHABITANT OF ITHACA, AND
PROFESSOR IN THE IONIAN UNIVERSITY.

INTRODUCTION.

A KING, says Pope, obedient to the call of honor, quits his states on a long and perilous expedition, which is to decide the fate of Europe and of Asia. The two chiefs of this great enterprise, Agamemnon and Menelaus, attach so much value to the talents and alliance of this king that they repair in person to his capital to solicit the aid of his prudence and valor. During the continuance of a bloody war they summon this king to all their councils; they charge him with their embassies the most difficult: he it is who directs all their military operations; who shows himself throughout an equally great orator and intrepid warrior; who captivates and

carries with him the chiefs and the soldiers by the force of his eloquence; who exhibits to all the army an example of conjugal and paternal tenderness, and of constant piety towards the gods.

This same king, after having assembled all the heroes of Greece, to lead them against the enemy; after having covered himself with glory in the war, of which he was the life and soul, embarks to return to his kingdom, and to carry with him his companions in arms; but tempests drive them from their course, and cast them among different nations, of which he studies the forms of government and the manners. His companions neglect the sage counsels which he gives them: they land upon a desert island, from which they seem likely never to escape. In the mean time anarchy desolates his states; numerous usurpers consume his goods, plot the death of

his son, and endeavour to force his wife to contract a new marriage.

The return of this valiant and courageous king appears impossible; and, could he return to his native country, all then appears lost to him. However, by means the most surprising, he does return, clothed in a disguise which conceals him from the curiosity of his enemies and the knowledge of his most faithful subjects, of his own son, and even of his wife herself. In the resources of his genius, in the courage of his son, in the incorruptible fidelity of his ancient servants, he finds means to triumph over his enemies, and to bring back for a short time tranquillity and peace into his states.

Who then is this king who unites such talents and such virtues? Must it not have

been that same personage, unknown for so many ages, who has displayed in his immortal poems the sublime lessons of morality, of policy, and of war; who so perfectly knew the towns, the mountains, the rivers, the productions, and the history of Greece; who seems to have lived in intimacy with all the princes who reigned there in his time, and to have known those who preceded him? Must it not have been the sublime genius who drew in the Iliad the picture of the war in which he had fought, and in the Odyssey the interesting journal of his own adventures after the war, and of his return to his country? In fact, if it be observed that this great king lived at a period when poet-kings, such as Moses, David, and Solomon, were seated upon the thrones of the east, composed divine poems, and drew up also in verse *the enumeration of the people under them;*

if it be true, as Philostratus asserts, and as all antiquity has agreed to believe, that Palamedes, the son of the king of Eubœa, had also made a poem upon the war of Troy, we should perhaps feel less surprise if Ulysses, the son of the king of Ithaca, were the real author of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

Upon that supposition every thing explains itself naturally and without effort. The name and the country of this author are no longer problematic. We have no longer to ask ourselves where he was born; what were the events of his life; whether he were a soldier, a priest, a king, or a schoolmaster. No: he was born at Ithaca; he fought at Troy; he navigated the seas of Greece, of Sicily, of Italy, and perhaps even so far as the Atlantic ocean. He is the author of the enumeration of all the nations known in his time: he is

the author of that magnificent monument of history and geography, of that eternal and sacred code of which all the nations of Greece invoke the authority, in order to fix the bounds of their several territories. If his name does not appear at the head of the Iliad, it is at least written in characters of gold at the head and in every line of the Odyssey.

Poet and soldier, like Moses, David, Solomon, Palamedes, Ossian, Camoens, he was upon the field of battle witnessing the exploits of his countrymen, and he determined to sing them, along with his own personal adventures, in order that poesy might draw from thence lessons useful to posterity:

. . . . ἵνα ἦσι καὶ ἐσσομένοισιν ἀοιδή.

As it is easy to perceive that a system so extraordinary as that which it has been sought to establish in the course of this dissertation

will experience numerous objections, and criticisms apparently well founded, it is proper to resolve beforehand the chief, I will venture to say the only, difficulties which can be opposed to it.

Let us begin with that beautiful invocation to the Muses with which the poet seems himself to fix, in a manner the most precise, the period at which he lived to times subsequent to the war of Troy. I have shown in this dissertation the manner in which the learned Mitford has interpreted this passage, and how his interpretation is favorable to my system;* but Eustathius, and after him Madame Dacier, have discovered the true sense of this invocation, by which the poet only tries to gain the confidence of his readers, without having the least idea of fixing the era at

* P. 15.

which he lived. "Behold," says Madame Dacier, "a noble address for the purpose of giving to a fable the air of truth. Men know nothing certain; they only receive confused accounts; and, consequently, if the Muses speak, they will say nothing but the truth. As for ourselves, we hear only confused accounts of the war of Troy; but the Muses knew all things exactly, and they only can tell us what really took place. Homer here wishes to gain the confidence of his reader by making him believe that he is not the author of a fable, and that he speaks only the truth. He may also wish to have it inferred," continues Madame Dacier, "that, this history of Ulysses being true, it was impossible that it should be buried in oblivion, or that it should not be known by an infinity of persons. Many people have already heard mention of it. Deign, therefore, divine Muses, to teach it to

the Greeks also, as you have already taught it to other nations."

A second difficulty, and nearly of the same kind, which will not fail to be objected to our system of antiquity, is that immense stone thrown by Diomed; so heavy that two men of Homer's time could not have lifted it. It will without doubt be inquired how Ulysses, belonging to the time of the Trojan war, could have said, if he had been the author of the poem, that the stone was so large that two men, such as they were in his time, could not have lifted it. The poet must without doubt, therefore, have lived after the Trojan war to have made that observation. Yes, without doubt, after the Trojan war; but it is not necessary that he should have lived at a period greatly distant from that war: it will suffice that he should have put the last

hand to his poem at an advanced age, and that he should thus have wished to draw a comparison between the men, such as they were in the war at the time of his youth, and such as he saw them at the close of his life. This will be altogether conformable to the character of the old man,—

. . . . laudator temporis acti.

In the third place, if it be supposed that Ulysses was the author of the poems on the war of Troy, how can we explain the constant praises which he bestows on himself from one end of the poem to the other? If the praise of our rivals be painful to us in the mouth of another, what must it be to hear any one praise himself? It is in general the most insupportable vanity; and nothing is more offensive than to see a man anticipate the favorable suffrages of others, and as it were

crown himself with his own hands. Let us see whether we can apply these reproaches to Ulysses on the supposition that he was the author of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Has he not in the first place rendered justice to the bravery and other good qualities of his companions in arms? Has he affected to show himself superior to them with ostentation or with a view to humiliate them? Was it not allowable to show by his own example that it was right to be a pious man, a faithful husband, and a tender father? Did not David, born like him of a chosen race, a great king, a great captain, think himself worthy to sing the divine omnipotence, and to call himself the man after God's own heart? Should one after this blame Ulysses for having boasted of his own prudence, his address, and his courage; above all, when one perceives him make in the same terms the religious acknow-

ledgment that Minerva, or the Divine Wisdom, never abandoned him?

In order to add a last stroke to the justification of the Homeric hero, and to free him completely from all imputation of vanity, on the supposition that he is the author of the poems on the war of Troy, let us open the sage Plutarch, who will teach us when and how a man may utter his own praises without exposing himself to envy. His expressions on this subject will appear so much the more remarkable as Ulysses himself is the subject of them. "Ulysses," says Plutarch, "seeing his men afraid at the dreadful noise proceeding from the gulf of Charybdis, recals to their memory the subtlety of his genius and his valor, by thus addressing them: 'O my friends, we are not without experience of dangers: this is not a greater evil than when

the Cyclops shut us up in his dark cave by powerful might; but even from thence we escaped by my valor, counsel, and wisdom; and I trust that you will remember these things. Now therefore come, let all obey the orders which I shall give.'" *

This manner of praising oneself, according to Plutarch, "is not that of a flattering advocate, nor of a boasting sophist, nor of one who demands applauses, but of a person who pledges to his friends, as the ground of assurance in himself, his acknowledged valor and sufficiency; for it is not a matter of small importance towards ensuring safety in times of danger, to have confidence derived from reputation in the man who has the chief command." † Who knows, besides,

* Od. M. 208.

† Plut. περὶ τοῦ ἑαυτὸν ἐπαινεῖν ἀνεπιφθόνως, T. III. p. 139. ed. Oxon. 1797.

whether he has not skilfully concealed his name in order to obtain the right of rendering himself the justice which he knew he merited?

Lastly, it may be said, and this objection has greater force than all the others, if Ulysses be the author of the poems on the war of Troy, how can it be supposed that he would accuse himself of cowardice, and of having fled at the moment when he was called upon to succour his best friend? The answer is easy. The father of gods and men thunders from the top of mount Ida: the Greeks seeing the heavens on fire, and Jupiter armed with his lightning and bolts, are seized with fear and fly. Neither Agamemnon nor Idomeneus, nor the two Ajaxes, the favorites of Mars, dare to stand their ground. The life of Nestor is in

danger. Diomed conjures Ulysses to come to the succour of his friend: but his object is then to rally the Greeks, and to prevent the Trojans from penetrating into the entrenchments. The fleet was threatened, and the voice of his country spoke louder to the heart of Ulysses than that of friendship.

ULYSSES HOMER.

It is known that in the time of Plutarch there were still in the island of Ithaca two families which were descended from the two superintendents of the flocks of Ulysses: one bore the name of Koliades, and was a descendant of Eumæus; the other was called Boukolos, and was of the race of Phyletius.

My father, Spiridion Koliades, was of opinion that the Boukoloi had been extinct for a long time; and, in truth, their name was unknown in the island; but he asserted that that of the Koliadæ had come down to him without interruption, and that consequently he was descended in a right line by Eumæus from the kings of Scyros: and, after all, what would there have been extraordinary that we

should still at the present time find in Ithaca descendants of the kings of Scyros, when we see at Venice descendants of Justinian and of Galba, and in the Phanar of Constantinople Comneni, Cantacuzenes, Palæologi, and other descendants of the sovereigns of the lower empire?

Having lost my mother at the age of ten years, I became an object of affection to my father, so much the more tender as I was the only branch of the family of the Koliadæ. In order therefore to give himself up entirely to my education, he solicited of the Venetian government the retirement which he had well deserved by thirty years of good and loyal service in the galleys and other vessels of the republic. With a pension of fifteen sequins a month, and the moderate revenue of some acres of vineyards and oliveyards, which he possessed in the hamlet of Leuca, upon the western bank of the island, he hoped to find a means of supporting me for some years in one of the universities of Italy; but, before sending me thither, he wished to teach me

himself the elements of Greek literature. The first book that he put into my hands was the Odyssey, which he called the divine history of his ancient king. At every verse which we read together he did not fail to make me remark the relation that subsisted between the ancient language of our forefathers and the *patois* which is at this time spoken in our islands.

When he judged me sufficiently instructed to comprehend the twenty-four books of the Odyssey, he undertook to make me study all the sites, and all the monuments of our island, which recalled the remembrance of Ulysses, and which prove not only his presence, but his long abode in Ithaca. We began this interesting excursion with the summits of mount Neritos; from whence we could perceive, at a bird's-eye view, our dear country throughout the extent of its territory.

" This island," says he, " which we now have under our view, is twenty-four miles in length, from north to south, and about four

miles at the place of its greatest breadth. Its population amounts to about ten thousand inhabitants. It counts eight harbours, of different sizes; of which the chief preserves still in our days the name of Vathi, the name given it by Homer in the Odyssey.

" Behold the two promontories which, bending towards each other, form the entrance and repel the waves. The vessels to be seen within are there sheltered from the winds, and there remain stationary without being held by any hawser."

A celebrated English traveller, Edward Dodwell, was so struck at the picture of this port, which is to be found in the twelfth book of the Odyssey, and every trait, as he said, appeared of an exactitude so perfect, that he thought himself bound to copy it line by line into his Travels in Greece:

Φόρκυνος δέ τίς ἐστι λιμὴν, ἁλίοιο γέροντος,
Ἐν δήμῳ Ἰθάκης· δύο δὲ προβλῆτες ἐν αὐτῷ
Ἀκταὶ ἀπορρῶγες, λιμένος ποτιπεπτηυῖαι·
Αἵ τ' ἀνέμων σκεπόωσι δυσαήων μέγα κῦμα

Ἔκτοθεν· ἔντοσθεν δὲ ἄνευ δεσμοῖο μένουσι
Νῆες ἐΰσσελμοι, ὅταν ὅρμου μέτρον ἵκωνται.
Od. N. 96.

The same traveller, after having traversed the island of Ithaca in every direction, and having taken views of all the sites and all the monuments in it, observes, in the same work, that Homer dwelt with so much pleasure upon the island of Ithaca and its hero that some authors have supposed that he was himself of Ithaca.

From the summit of Neritos we descended together to the Grotto of the Nymphs, the ruins of which are still to be seen, and in which the bees still make their abode in preference to any other place, as the doves in the rocks of Thisbe, and the owls in the acropolis of Athens. From the Grotto of the Nymphs he conducted me by a rugged path to the rocks of the Crow,* where he pointed out to me the

* Παὰρ Κόρακος *πέτρῃ, ἐπὶ τῇ κρήνῃ* Ἀρεθούσῃ. Od. N. 408.

situation of the cottage of Eumæus, and near that cottage the cavern where the faithful servant of Ulysses passed the night to keep watch and guard over the flocks of his master. He made me remark at the same time the fountain of Arethusa, beyond the port where Telemachus landed on his return from Pylos.

From thence he brought me back to the Cyclopian ruins of the capital and of the palace of Ulysses, where he made me study the details of the combat and of the victory of the hero over the infamous pretenders to his crown and to the chaste Penelope, making me at the same time admire the most extraordinary monuments of antiquity, certain medals of Ulysses discovered in the very ruins of his palace.

We went from thence in search of the fountain of Mercury, and of the farm of Laertes. At the village of Leuca he pointed out to me the isle of Asteris, as the spot the most happily chosen by the suitors in which to place their

ambuscade against Telemachus. Even to the ruins of the School of Homer he made me pay attention, in order, as he said, to prove to me that the island of Ithaca had a right to put in its claims to be the birthplace of Homer, as well as the other seven towns of Greece.

At length, by means of hearing him compare the scenes of the Odyssey with the places which had evidently been the theatre of them, and which I had continually under my eyes, I began to participate in all the enthusiasm of my father, and was as thoroughly convinced as himself, that such a personage as Ulysses had certainly existed, that he had been king of Ithaca, and that that island had been the theatre of the most interesting scenes of the Odyssey.

My father, enchanted with the manner in which I had seized his shrewd perceptions, and the deep impression which they had at the same time made upon my mind and

heart, thought it right that I should then conclude my elementary studies in the island of Ithaca, and depart for the university of Padua, where he had studied himself, before entering into the naval service of the Venetians. When on the point of my departure, he conducted me to the Cyclopian ruins of mount Aito, in order there to take his leave of me and to communicate to me his last wishes,* and to impart to me an important secret, which, as he said, he had never intrusted to any one.

The sun, just rising, gilded with his first rays the summit of mount Neritos, and the gigantic ruins with which we were surrounded. The cytisus, the terebinthus, the lentisc, and a thousand other aromatic plants, perfumed the air with their delicious odors.† "Go,"

* They were in truth his last; for, on my return from my travels, he had sunk into the grave.

† Those who sail in these happy climates breathe the balsamic air of the plants at a considerable distance from the shores.

said he to me, "my dear son, and remember that it is on mount Neritos, near those beauteous ruins, that I have put into thy hands for the first time the poem of the Odyssey, attributed, as well as that of the Iliad, to a genius surely supernatural and divine; since his name, his country, and the era in which he lived have remained mysteries through so many ages that have been enchanted by his verses."

The most ancient of the Greek historians believed that this great poet had existed four hundred years before him. Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, Strabo, and Plutarch, who, at different periods, have examined with care the antiquities of their country, do not dissemble the uncertainty of the authorities and monuments which they have consulted upon this important subject. Pausanias avers frankly, that he knows nothing of Homer. "I have spared no pains," he says, "in my endeavours to discover at what time Homer and Hesiod have lived; but as I know that many writers

have treated this question with much warmth, and particularly those who in our own time have applied themselves to poetry, I refrain from publishing my own opinion, in order that I may not become a party in the dispute." Cicero assures us, that in his time the age and country of Homer were alike completely unknown. "The inhabitants of Salamis and of Chios," says he, "claim this great poet: those of Smyrna maintain that he belongs to them: the Cephalonians pretend that he is their fellow citizen."* "The most moderate computations," adds the Roman orator, in another part, "place Homer, at least, thirty years before Lycurgus; from whence we may conclude, that he was a long time before Romulus." "It is without doubt useless," says Plutarch, "to search either for the family or for the country of Homer, since

* This passage of Cicero will explain the monument known in our days, in the island of Ithaca, by the name of the School of Homer. The Cephalonians had a right to claim Ulysses as their countryman, and even as their sovereign.

he has not deigned himself to speak of either; and has carried his caution so far as not to choose to give us even his true name."

But, in the midst of this painful darkness and obscurity, it is of great importance to remark, that a Roman emperor, as illustrious by his power as by his taste for the arts, learnt from the mouth of the oracle of Delphi, that Homer was born in the island of Ithaca, and that he was the son of Telemachus and of the fair Polycasta, the daughter of Nestor.

It is to be presumed, that the oracle of Delphi did not say the whole truth to the emperor. It at least revealed to him the opinion consigned to the mysterious treasures of its temple, which, as we know, was at no great distance from Ithaca. Another tradition, which comes from the banks of the Nile, informs us that the name of Homer has reference to a wound which that great poet had received on his thigh, ὁ-μηρός. Might it not be that wound which he received from the wild boar of Parnassus, and which oc-

casioned his being recognized by his nurse Euryclea?

It may be farther observed by the way, that, according to Philostratus, Homer made the voyage of Ithaca in order to consult there the *manes* of Ulysses, upon the details of which he had need for the composition of his poems.

If these different observations do not seem at first view to throw a great access of light upon the real author of the poems of the war of Troy, they prove, at least, that the Delphic oracle, the first of its kind in Greece, regarded the island of Ithaca as the cradle of Homer; and that he who directed that great poet to the *manes* of Ulysses, in order to learn from him the events of the war of Troy, felt the necessity of consulting that hero in order to paint them faithfully.

Forasmuch as the ancients teach us nothing positive respecting the age and country of Homer, let us see if we can hope for more information from the moderns. If we run

through the most famous schools of Europe, we shall there find the same disputes, the same uncertainty, and the same darkness. Let us consult in England the Popes, the Woods, the Knights, &c.; in Germany, the Heynes, the Stolbergs, &c.; in Italy, the Maffeis, the Martorellis, the Salvinis, the Cesarottis, &c.; in Spain, the Gravinas, the Garofalos, the Varyas, &c.; in Holland, the Wisels, the Sgravenaers, &c.; in Austria, the Hamers; in France, the Barthelemis, the Daciers, the Rocheforts, the Larchers, &c.; throughout we shall find the most complete uncertainty with respect to the person and age of Homer. One single English historian has had the courage to fix an epoch for the existence of this sublime genius: I say that he has had the courage, because real courage is necessary to attack a system, whatever it may be, when it has been accredited by so many ages. In the first book of the Odyssey, the prudent Telemachus says to his mother, "Why do you forbid Phœnix to sing the subject which he has chosen, and which pleases him the most? You should not chide him

for singing the misfortunes of the Greeks: the taste of all men is to love best the songs which are the newest." "Now this," says Mitford, "would stand contradicted by the poet's practice, if the events which he celebrates happened, as some have imagined, five, four, three, two, or even one century before the generation for which he composed existed." Vol. i. p. 230. In the eighth book, Ulysses says to Demodocus: "Divine songster, you paint the misfortunes of the Greeks, all that they have done and suffered, and all the labors they have undergone, as if you had been present, or as if you had learned them from themselves." Afterward, Alcinous says to Ulysses: "Tell us, why you weep, on hearing sung the misfortunes of the Greeks, and those of Troy? Those misfortunes spring from the gods, who have ordained the death of so many men in order that poetry may derive from thence songs useful to those who shall come after them." Pope has remarked, that Homer's invocation, Ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἷον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν, shows that he lived long after the siege of Troy. "Thu-

cydides," Mitford adds, "for such matters incomparably a greater authority than Pope, has said nearly the same thing; but the question still remains, 'What is long?' Perhaps the οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν might be not unreasonably taken to imply that the poet's birth was so near the time of the Trojan war that, in his old age, if he had not declared the contrary, it might have been imagined, that he pretended to know the events he describes from having been a party concerned; for it is little usual to contradict what could not be supposed." Vol. i. p. 234.

It should appear, according to this paragraph, that Mitford himself is of opinion, that the author of the Iliad and Odyssey had lived sufficiently near the time of the events which he describes to create a belief that he had personally taken part in them. Whatever may be the case with respect to the judgment of the ancients and moderns on the author of the Odyssey, it is at all events certain, as has been well remarked by a celebrated English

traveller,* that the Ithaca of Homer is something more than a creation of his own imagination, as some authors have supposed; inasmuch as the most minute circumstances which he has recited coincide perfectly with the topography of that island; and that it would be a task evidently impossible, to adapt so great a number of details and incidents to a falsehood so long and so laboriously worked up. "This reflection of the English traveller, as thou seest," says my father, "is word for word the same which thou madest to me, in all the simplicity of thy tender age, when I took thee to the height of Aito to make thee study the ruins, and when we read together the combat of Ulysses with the suitors in the twenty-second book of the Odyssey. 'The poet,' thou saidst, 'must have well known the palace of Ulysses, in order to mark out to us the manner in which it was distributed with so much particularity, and to point out to us at the bottom of the hall of combat that port

* Sir William Gell.

of retreat through which the suitors might call for assistance.' Mad. Dacier had made this remark long before thee. 'Ulysses,' says she, 'who knew all the parts of his palace, took the wise precaution of setting Eumæus to guard that port, as it was the only one by which they could descend into the court.'"

In general, the surprising agreement which exists between the numerous incidents of the combat and the localities of the palace proves that the person who described the combat must have been the principal actor in it; and this argument would be sufficient alone, without any other, in the mind of every sensible man, to prove the incontestable identity of the poet and the hero.

But there remain still other means of establishing this identity. It is known that the king of Ithaca was a member of the confederation of Greece, and that he had contributed more than any other to the taking of Troy. His adventures after the war, as he

recounts them himself in the Odyssey, have all the characters of a history; and Strabo, a writer of the Augustan age, has said, that those who would refuse their belief to the adventures of Ulysses, when pruned of their mythological ornaments; those who denied the return of Ulysses to his palace, and his punishment of the usurpers of his throne, calumniated the poet, and no more deserved to be refuted, than those who gave credit to the hospitality of goddesses, to metamorphoses, to the great size of the Cyclops and the Læstrygons, to the monstrosity of Scylla, and the oxen of the sun.

Now, if the adventures of Ulysses are true, who could have recounted them? One of the companions of Ulysses? but they all perished in the shipwreck, the victims of their impiety. A Phæacian, who had heard the hero himself give the recital of them? but we are informed in the recital itself that the Phæacians dwelt far from civilized people: ἑκὰς μερόπων ἀνθρώπων: and certainly no one can attribute the Odyssey to a poet of uncultivated genius.

But might not Ulysses have recounted his adventures during his abode at Ithaca? Yes, no doubt he would recount them to Penelope and Telemachus—but very rapidly; for his journey to the country abode of Laertes, his combat against the suitors, his victory, and the banishment into Italy which followed it, would not allow him time to make a long recital. Lastly, it should be remarked that, if the Odyssey was the work of any other poet than Ulysses, that poet would without doubt have given us the death of his hero in the poem. If it was the king of Ithaca who was the same person as the author, it is not to be wondered that he has said nothing of his own death.

Ulysses is, therefore, most assuredly the author of the Odyssey; and as in the opinion of all men of taste, ancient as well as modern, the Odyssey and Iliad are by the same hand, it is to the king of Ithaca that we are obliged for two poems the most magnificent that have ever come from the hand of man.

"But although this reasoning, and the consequences which I have deduced from it," said my father, "may appear to thy eyes and to mine to have the character of a rigorous demonstration, I feel the imperious necessity of having assistance so extraordinary and so new confirmed by some one else besides myself. Thou art he then, my son, whom I declare the heir and the defender of my discovery, on condition that thou wilt spare no effort, no fatigue, no sacrifice, in order to confirm and render it perfect. Thou art now going first to pass some years at the university. When thou shalt have then acquired the knowledge necessary to render thy travels advantageous, and which it was impossible for me to procure for thee in Ithaca, thou shalt repair by Constantinople to the Sigean promontory, in order to study there the theatre of the Iliad with the same zeal and the same care with which thou hast here studied with thy father that of the Odyssey. Without doubt, all the echoes of the plain of Ilium will repeat to thee the actions of our king, when thou shalt have verified

the presence of the hero in battles, and the coincidence of the topography of the plain with the poem of the Iliad, as thou hast already verified that of our island with the poem of the Odyssey. Thou shalt follow the hero in the regions of the Greek and Trojan confederation, in the islands of the Ægean sea, and in the sea of Sicily. Thou wilt return to the embraces of thy father loaded with the fruits of thy travels, which will perhaps confirm the discovery of the true author of the Iliad and of the Odyssey. Who knows whether, at thy return, thou wilt not find the production due to the noble independence of the heroic ages?"

In pronouncing these last words my venerable father melted into tears, and I threw myself into his arms. It seemed to me that we bade each other a last adieu; and in truth, at my return from my long travels by land and by sea, I found only his ashes. The day after this conversation, I took my departure for the university. The general war of Europe, and the revolutions which menaced the happy

and peaceful existence of the republic of Venice, did not allow of my giving a fixed direction to my studies. I therefore gave myself up to those which most flattered my taste—to the study of the ancient and modern languages, and to reading the works of travellers of all nations who had visited the theatre of the Iliad and Odyssey. At length, after an abode of five years employed in preparing myself for the expedition, for which my father had given me such precise instructions, I commenced my route for the plain of Troy. The first object which struck my sight on arriving at the entrance of the Hellespont was that fine line of tombs ranged on the lofty coasts of the Ægean sea. Behold then, said I to myself, those ancient monuments promised by Homer to the curiosity and interest of future generations, who were to traverse the Hellespont in ages to come, and in futurity the most remote. What an admirable picture for the lover of sublime poetry, and of beautiful relics of antiquity! How happy should I be, if it was possible for me to impart to my readers the transports which I felt in ad-

vancing with religious steps towards that plain, the theatre of so many glorious actions, and the place of sepulture of so many heroes!

When, in 1790, a French traveller announced to the Royal Society of Edinburgh that those monuments still existed at the entrance of the Hellespont, and that there was there to be found a vast plain watered by two rivers, one of which was remarkable for two beauteous springs of different temperature; when he added, that still might be seen in that plain the tombs of Greek and Trojan warriors, a valley which bore the name of Thimbreck, so like that of Thymbra which Homer gives to it; when the same traveller pointed out in the island of Ithaca the mountains Neritos and Neios, the fountain of Arethusa, and the rock of the Crow, which is still called at this time Korax, as in the time of Ulysses and of Eumæus; none of the schools of the learned in Europe believed in the existence of those venerable remains of antiquity. But when the description of them was received by

the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and published by the learned professor Dalzel, under the auspices of that illustrious body, the travellers of England and of all the nations of Europe visited those classic countries, and confirmed the discoveries of the Frenchman. From that time the sources of the Scamander, the tombs of the Greek and Trojan warriors, the fountain of Arethusa were no longer regarded as the dreams of a heated imagination; and no one at present doubts the authenticity of those Homeric monuments; more especially since the topography of the plain of Troy and that of the isle of Ithaca have been ascertained with the highest degree of accuracy. J. B. S. Morritt, member of the British Parliament, in an excellent memoir, entitled "Vindication of Homer," has demonstrated with the utmost clearness of evidence that the two poems of the Iliad and the Odyssey contain historic truths.

He has observed, he says, with great pleasure that there is not in the Iliad a single event of which we cannot fix the place upon

some point of the plain near the Sigean promontory; and that from this coincidence of the poem with the topography, it must necessarily be concluded, that the events are real and historical, or else that the poet has adapted them most exactly to the theatre which is at present seen at the outlet of the Hellespont. This reflection of Mr. Morritt is literally the same as that of Mr. David Morier, at this time consul-general from England at Paris: "The general appearance of the country and the relative position of the leading features of the land and sea prospects correspond so strikingly with the vivid pictures of the poet that it is hardly possible not to be convinced *that he was himself an eye-witness of the deeds he celebrated, or that he adapted his fictitious pictures to a scene he had accurately studied with that view.*"

William Martin Leake, an English colonel, as distinguished by his military talents as by his great erudition, justly remarks, that "not one of the ancient authors who have written on the Troas, with the exception of Homer,

was so well acquainted with the locality as modern travellers are; and that not one possessed any delineation of its topography approaching to the accuracy of that with which we are furnished, and not yet satisfied."* They did not, indeed, possess any of the resources, any of those means which are possessed at present, for comparing the poem with the topography of the places which it describes. They had neither charts nor views designed with exactness. They could not, therefore, *form conjectures, nor draw the conclusions which have since successively enlightened the researches of the moderns.*

Is it not in fact very singular, that Strabo, (l. viii. p. 378.) who had travelled to Corinth, that is to say, within some miles of Mycenæ, was ignorant of the existence of the immense ruins of that town, and asserted that there did not remain a vestige of it? In like manner, he makes no mention of several other towns, of which modern travellers have found con-

* Journal of a Tour in Asia Minor, p. 277.

siderable ruins. Diodorus Siculus also represents to us Mycenæ as entirely destroyed. Livy too annihilates many towns of Italy, of which we still find the walls, the gates, and the towers in an almost perfect state of preservation.

"As even the identity," adds the colonel, "of the country on the Asiatic side of the entrance of the Hellespontine strait with the scene of the Ilias has been doubted, it may not be useless to premise, that if the war of Troy was a real event, having reference to a real topography, (and to doubt it would shake the whole fabric of profane history,) no district has yet been shown that will combine even a few of the requisite features of the plain of Troy, except that between Kum-kalé and Bunárbashi; whereas in that district, and in the surrounding country by land and by water, we find the seas and mountains and islands in the positions which the poet indicates, and many of them with the same or nearly the same names. The features which do not accord so well with his description are

those which are the most liable to change in the lapse of ages, the course and size of the rivers, and the extent and direction of the low coast, where these waters join the sea. Instead of a river with two large branches, which Homer seems to describe, we find on one side of the plain a broad torrent, reduced in the dry season to a slender brook and a few stagnant pools, and on the other side a small perennial stream, which, instead of joining the former, is diverted into an artificial channel, and is thus carried to a different part of the coast. But the diminutive size of some of the most celebrated rivers of antiquity is well known to those who have travelled in Greece; and it must be considered, that a poet writing of a real scene is obliged to magnify those features which, without exaggeration, would be beneath the dignity of his verse. In regard to the course of the streams, it seems sufficient still to find, at the end of three thousand years, two rivers which, if they do not now unite, evidently did so at a former period of time; and for the sources of that stream which Homer describes as rising

under the walls of Troy, to find some very remarkable springs, not very different in their peculiarities from the poet's description, and rising at the foot of a commanding height on the edge of the plain.

"For poetry this coincidence appears sufficient; and in regard to the position of Troy itself, it seems enough to find a hill rising above the sources just mentioned, not only agreeing in all particulars with the kind of position which the Greeks* usually chose for their towns, but the only situation in this region which will combine all the requisites they sought for; namely, a height overlooking a fertile maritime plain, situated at a sufficient distance from the sea to be secure from the

* "It is almost unnecessary here to remark that the ruling family, and hence probably a large portion of the people of Troy, were of Greek origin, and that they had adopted the manners and language of Greece. The Dardanidæ were Greeks settled in Asia; as the Atridæ were Phrygians settled in Europe. For the history of Ilium the reader may conveniently consult the work of Chandler, in 4to, 1802."

attacks of pirates, and furnished with a copious and perennial supply of water; presenting a strong and healthy position for the city; and for the citadel a hill beyond the reach of bow-shot from the neighbouring heights, defended at the back by steep rocks and precipices, surrounded by a deep valley and broad torrent, and backed beyond the river by mountains which supplied timber and fuel. That it was precisely such a situation as the inhabitants of Greece and Asia in remote ages preferred, might be shown by a great variety of examples; and it can hardly be doubted, that a person totally unacquainted with the Ilias, but accustomed to observe the positions of ancient Greek towns, would fix on Bunárbashi for the site of the chief place of the surrounding country.

" It is a necessary consequence of placing Troy on the heights to the S. E. of Bunárbashi, that the river flowing from the sources which give that village its name (meaning spring-head) is the Scamander of Homer; that the large torrent which flows through a

deep ravine on the eastern side of the heights is the Simoeis; and that, notwithstanding the much greater magnitude of the bed of the latter, and occasionally of that stream itself, the united river after the junction in the plain was called by the name of the former, Scamander.

" With regard to the existing barrows, it seems incontrovertible only that those which stand in conspicuous situations on either side of the mouth of the Scamander are the tumuli supposed in the time of the Romans, and probably with reason, to have been the sepulchres of Ajax, Achilles, and some other chieftains; and these monuments are so far important as they prove the identity of the plain of the Mendere with the scene of the Ilias.

" It is objected to the springs of Bunárbashi, that instead of being only two—one hot and the other cold, as described by Homer—they are in one place so numerous as to have received from the Turks the name of Kirk-

Ghiuz, (the Forty Fountains,) and that they are all of the same temperature.

"But viewing them as the springs of a river, they may in poetical language, or even in common speech, be considered as two, since they arise in two places, distant from each other about two hundred yards: in one the water appears in a deep basin, which is noted among the natives for being often covered with a thick vapor like smoke; in the other place there are numerous rills issuing from the rocks into a broad shallow piece of water, terminating in a stream which is joined by that from the smoking spring. As to the temperature of the water, the observations of travellers give various results. Some have observed a difference: according to others, it would appear that, being all deep-seated springs, their temperature is the same at all seasons, or about 60° of Fahrenheit at their eruption from the ground; consequently that they will feel cold when the air is at 70° or 80°, and warm when it is at 40° or 50°. It seems sufficient to justify Homer's expression,

that a difference of temperature was believed, and that an occasional appearance of vapor over one source was often observed by the natives." pp. 277—283.

In the number of the important witnesses that have been cited, I must not forget the celebrated Wood, who appeared fifty years ago in the plain of Troy, after having braved the deserts of Palmyra, in order to render us acquainted with their monuments. He observes, that if any one were to take the pains of extracting from the Iliad the simple journal of the siege of Troy, divested of all the ornaments of poetry, that journal would be found in general to contain an exact recital of military events supported by the most perfect coincidence of time, circumstance, and place which history requires; so that Homer is not only the most inimitable of poets, but is also the most faithful copyist of nature. Struck with this observation of Wood, I not only, in conformity with his wise counsel, extracted from the Iliad the simple journal of the siege of Troy, but as I luckily had the Iliad in my

hand, and the theatre of the battles before my eyes, I went and seated myself sometimes by the side of Mars on the Pergama and the beauteous hill (Καλλικολώνη), sometimes near Minerva on the intrenchment of Hercules at the Sigean promontory. Placed alternately on those two situations, so well chosen by the two divinities, I followed the armed gods in all their movements, and each of the heroes in his own particular exploits.

The war between the Greeks and the Trojans had lasted nine years. The first were encamped in the neighbourhood of Troy when the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon occasioned a division in the army. Up to that time the Trojans had remained in the town, according to the advice of the aged counsellors, who foresaw the difficulties which the Greeks would have to overcome in forming the siege. But encouraged by the defection of Achilles, with which they had become acquainted, they at last marched out of their walls, and advanced to encounter the enemy. This *sortie* of the Trojans ought to satisfy the

vengeance of Achilles, and flatter his pride, as it was an act of homage paid to his valor. The two armies engage, and have successively four grand battles, which form altogether the principal subject of the Iliad.

In the first of those combats the Greeks occupied the plain of the Scamander: the Trojans the hill Bathycia. Paris and Menelaus are not long in discovering each other. Hector provokes a single combat between them, of which the issue is not decisive. The two armies could not then be at a great distance from the town, as Priam, accompanied by the old men, distinguishes from the top of the walls the chiefs of the Greeks, of whom Helen recounts to him the names. The traitor Pandarus discharges an arrow: the two armies again engage: the battle took place in the neighbourhood of the town, as Apollo animated the Trojans by his shouts from the top of the Pergama. The fate of the battle rests for a long time undecided: the armies advance and retreat alternately between the rivers Simois and Scamander.

At length Ajax drives back the Trojans to the gates of the town: there they rally at the voice of Hector and Æneas, and turn round upon the enemy. Hector, excited by Helenus, and no doubt alarmed at the approaching danger, has recourse to the gods. He enters the town, and engages the women to implore the protection of Minerva. During that time Glaucus and Diomed exchange their armour. At the return of Hector the battle recommences. Hector challenges the most valiant of the Greeks. At length the Trojans retire into their town, and the Greeks into their camp. Thus ends the first day's battle.

The day after, an armistice is agreed upon in order to burn the dead; and the Greeks avail themselves of it to throw up a rampart before their camp. On the point of the day following the second battle takes place, which is soon followed by another between the town and the camp. Towards the middle of the day a panic terror seizes the Greeks: they retire in disorder: they return, however, once more to the charge, but are repelled, and at

last shut themselves up in their intrenchments. Night comes on happily to save them.

Hector does not allow his troops to enter into the town; but lets them pass the night in the plain upon the banks of the river, at some distance from the camp, and commands them to light fires. The Greeks, in compliance with the advice of Nestor, keep watch also on their part during the same night. They send ambassadors to Achilles. Ulysses and Diomed are sent to reconnoitre. The situation of the camp of the Trojans is on this occasion described with precision. Hector, with the chiefs of the Trojans, holds a council at the tomb of Ilus. The auxiliaries sleep; but the Trojans keep watch near the fires which they had lighted. The Lycians and the Mysians are towards the valley of Thymbra; that is, without doubt, on the right wing, and opposite the post of Ajax. The Carians and the Pæonians are towards the sea, on the left wing, and opposite to the post of Achilles. The Thracians, under the command of Rhe-

sus, must have been at the advanced posts, and near the camp of the Greeks; for Ulysses and Diomed, by following the banks of the Simois, surprised the former, and returned at the break of day to their camp, from whence they had departed some time after midnight.

The day following, the Trojans attacked the camp of the Greeks. In order to comprehend perfectly the different actions which took place in the course of that day, it is necessary to understand the disposition of the ships, and the fortification which the Greeks had newly constructed.

The vessels were ranged in two lines between the promontories, with their sterns turned towards the land. Ajax was on the left wing of the camp, and Achilles, with his Myrmidons, on the right. There can be no doubt respecting the disposition of the troops placed on the two promontories; but it is not easy to determine with equal exactness the disposition of those who occupied the intermediate space. It is, however, probable that Idomeneus with the Cretans was on the right of Ajax, and that Nestor with the Pylians was next to the latter. Then Mnestheus with the Athenians; next Ulysses with the Argives; and, lastly, Achilles with the Myrmidons and other Thessalians.

This order of battle throws great light upon many incidents of the poem. When Machaon is wounded, and orders himself to be conducted to the tent of Nestor, Achilles is at such a distance that he cannot distinguish him. Patroclus, sent by Achilles in order to obtain information, and returning from the post of Nestor, passes near the ships of Ulysses. He finds Eurypylus wounded, who was returning, without doubt, to the right wing, where were placed the Thessalians. Machaon, though a Thessalian, was conducted into the tent of Nestor by Nestor himself, because he was too weak to reach the right wing. The vessels of Ulysses were in the centre; and when he called his troops to arms, his voice was heard at the two extremities of the camp.

The order of the vessels in the catalogue appears to have reference to the disposition of the troops in the camp. The Bœotians, in fact, and those who are next to them, up to the Salaminians commanded by Ajax, belonged to the left wing. The Argives, and those who were next to them, the Cretans, Rhodians, and other islanders, composed the centre. The Thessalians, with the Myrmidons, formed the right wing.

The order of battle is a little different. Agamemnon throws himself into the midst of the combatants, and, after having passed some troops that are not named, reaches Idomeneus, who commanded the Cretans. Then Ajax, under whom the Salaminians fought; next Nestor, Mnestheus, Ulysses, and, lastly, Diomed.

Ulysses was so far separated from the part of the camp attacked by the Trojans that he was not aware of their approach.

The camp of the Greeks then occupied, as

we have just seen, all the space comprised between the two promontories. As they had not succeeded in the former battle, Nestor, alarmed at the valor of Hector, and contemplating also the void which the secession of Achilles had left in the army, proposes to fortify the camp. This precaution had been hitherto unnecessary, as the Trojans had been always kept shut up within their walls.

By the little time that was employed in constructing this intrenchment, it may be judged that the work was of nó great importance; but as it is the most ancient model of a fortification known, it merits on that account some attention. It was constructed of earth, pierced with several ports, and flanked with towers built of stone and wood. It must have been at a distance from the ships, inasmuch as a very sanguinary engagement took place in the part which separated them. The principal gate, through which the Greeks made a *sortie* into the plain, was on the left wing.

This intrenchment was of little elevation,

inasmuch as Sarpedon reached the battlements of it with his hand. It was defended along its whole extent by a deep ditch fenced with palisades, which was immediately contiguous to it.

Now let us return to the assault on the camp. At the break of day the Greeks sallied out of it, and left their chariots behind them: the Trojan were upon the Thrasimos. The fate of battle remains undecided to the middle of the day; at which time the Trojans are repelled, and fly across the plain, passing near the tomb of Ilus and the fig-tree, and do not stop till they reach the Scæan gates. There the combat is renewed, and continues the whole day. Agamemnon distinguishes himself by many brilliant actions. At length he is wounded: the Trojans then resume their courage, and drive back the Greeks beyond the tomb of Ilus, where Paris, in ambuscade, wounds Diomed with an arrow. The battle becomes general, and reaches to great distance upon the plain; inasmuch as Hector, combating on the left wing, towards the Scamander, knew nothing of the success which Diomed, Ulysses, and Ajax were obtaining over the Trojans towards the Simois. He flies to the assistance of his countrymen, and Ajax himself is forced to give way. The Greeks fly towards their camp, and there shut themselves up. Hector pursues them, prepares to attack them, to set fire to their vessels, and to destroy the whole Greek army.

The Trojans were ignorant of the method of conducting an attack on an intrenched camp; but, on the advice of Polydamas, their chiefs descend from their chariots, divide the infantry into five columns, and lead it on towards the intrenchment. Asius alone remains in his chariot; and, casting his eyes towards the left of the ships, he observes that the pass by which the Greeks had sallied from their camp was open. He there makes an attack, but without success. The other divisions attack other points; and as the columns of the Trojans were five in number, it is generally supposed that the ports of the intrench-

ment were the same. The division of Hector is particularly directed to destroy the rampart about one of the ports. Sarpedon directs his attacks upon the parts defended by Mnestheus, the chief of the Athenians. He calls to his assistance Ajax and Teucer, who were fighting against Hector. The absence of these two adversaries offered to the son of Hercules an opportunity of bursting open the gate with a fragment of a rock, and of penetrating into the camp. The Greeks, terrified, retire into their vessels. Here the two Ajaxes unite: they rally the fugitives, and bring them back to the combat. This column of the Greeks gives the first idea of a phalanx; for the bravest troops began to close in their ranks on the approach of the enemy. By means of this manœuvre the Trojans are quickly repelled.

While the combat is at its height among the vessels, Idomeneus, accompanied by Meriones, passes to the left wing, and makes head against the troops of Asius.

The Trojans meanwhile assemble from all parts at the place where Hector was combating. This warrior, following the advice of Polydamas, assembles a council. He quits it in order to seek the bravest chiefs with their battalions, and advances with them against Ajax.

Hector thought that he had attained the object of his wishes, when the Greek generals, after having dressed their wounds, returned to the combat. Hector himself is wounded, and the Trojans are driven beyond the intrenchment. He rallies them, attacks the foss once more, passes it, and renews the combat between the vessels and the tents. The Greeks, overpowered, seek an asylum behind the first rank of the vessels, and beat off the Trojans with the oars. Ajax advances gallantly against Hector, who at length seizes the poop of the vessel which had borne Protesilaus, and sets fire to it.

But here the success of the Trojans ends. Patroclus advances at the head of the Myr-

midons divided into five close columns. The Trojans are soon forced to retire: confusion shows itself in their ranks: they betake themselves to flight. Patroclus cuts through their army, and causes great carnage between the vessels, the river, and the town. Intoxicated with his victory, and forgetting the orders of Achilles, he pursues the fugitives to the walls of Troy, and even tries to carry the town by assault. Hector halts at the Scæan gates, attacks the Greeks in his turn, slays Patroclus, and pursues the fugitives to their camp. They nevertheless carry off the body of Patroclus. Achilles presents himself without arms to the Trojans. The bare sight of this warrior arrests their course. They pass the night in the plain before the camp. Polydamas counsels them to retire within the town. Hector opposes him. At the break of day, Achilles, clad in his new armour, comes out of the camp. Here begins the fourth and last battle.

At first the two armies display an equal valor; but at length the Trojans give way,

and fly towards the Scamander. Achilles pursues, and divides them into two parts. The one is fortunate enough to save itself in the town: the other is forced into the river. Achilles then approaches the town into which the Trojans had already entered. Hector alone remains before the walls, and falls by the hand of Achilles near the sources of the Scamander.

Here I stop to invoke the testimony of all the generals who have fought during the last thirty years upon the grand theatre of Europe, and I ask of them confidently, whether it be possible that the historian of the Trojan war, "Trojani belli scriptor," could have made so perfect an agreement, so constant a harmony, between the localities of the plain of Troy and the numerous combats which there took place, without having been an actor and a witness of them.

A dexterous painter designs every day scenes of imagination with as much facility as elegance. Voltaire describes the battles of Fon-

tenoy, and those of Charles XII.; but is there a single officer, Frenchman or Swede, who can comprehend those battles in the description which Voltaire has given of them? There is never anything but obscurity, or at least a description difficult to make out, in the battles which are given by historians who are not of the profession. *In whatever relates to the tactics and the topography, we can only trust to those who have been present at, and have seen with their own eyes, or participated in the scenes which they describe.* It is in Thucydides, Polybius, Xenophon, Cæsar, Arrian, Josephus; and, among the modern generals, in the Condés, the Turennes, the Fredericks, the Napoleons, the Foys, the Segurs, the Wellingtons, the Reyniers, &c. that are developed, with order, truth, and simplicity, the recitals of the great operations of war, offensive and defensive, the military reconnoitres, the art of intrenchment, ambuscades, attacks, mines, and sieges. This kind of knowledge is not to be found in Voltaire, nor in Tasso, nor in Virgil himself. The description of Virgil is more

ornamental without doubt, but that of Homer is more martial; and though more detailed, has more warmth and truth. The picture which Tasso has drawn of the armies that dispute the Holy Land is intermixed with agreeable and interesting episodes; but Tasso is far from approaching his model. He only presents the descriptions of the countries of which he speaks: he does not paint his warriors with traits equally strong. We may perceive, says Pope, in the poems of Homer, that he has seen the places which he mentions. In fact he executes his numerous pictures with a topographic fidelity, a freedom, a boldness, and liberty of pencil which evidently only belong to the warrior-poet, at once the historian and the witness of the scenes which he describes—the poet-king who, like Moses, was equally competent in the art of governing an empire and in that of commanding armies.

Thus those commentators who have up to the present time believed that this poet had written his own adventures and the wars in

which he had fought have been carried along by the force of truth. Those on the contrary who have maintained that Homer did not exist till many ages after the taking of Troy, being equally forced to allow that he could not put so much truth into his pictures without having seen the places which he describes, are necessarily obliged to suppose that the author of the Iliad, whosoever he may have been, Homer, Ulysses, or any one else, has gone many ages after the war, and placed himself, for example, upon the Sigean promontory, or upon the Pergama, in order there to meditate the plan of his poem; to adapt its episodes to the rivers, valleys, and promontories of that celebrated plain; to support indeed through twelve books the recitals of all the combats, general and partial, which have there taken place, without deviating in a single instance from the topographic reality of the spot which has been the theatre of them. Nor is this all. It must further be admitted that the same poet has also taken up his abode in the island of Ithaca, and has there also happily placed himself upon the top of the Rock of the

Crow, in order to paint to us with the same exactness all that passed in Ithaca from the arrival of Ulysses at the Grotto of the Nymphs to his last combat with the usurpers of his throne:

——— "credat Judæus Apella."

It is therefore indubitably and rigorously demonstrable that the author of the Iliad, whoever he may have been, has fought on the plain of Troy. Some authors of antiquity have pretended that the son of Palamedes, the king of Eubœa, had composed certain poems upon this war: but as the name of that hero is not even mentioned in the Iliad, the opinion of antiquity respecting that prince can only serve to prove that the kings of the heroic ages, like the Hebrew patriarchs, knew both how to fight and to sing their battles.

It now only remains to examine upon which of the heroes mentioned in the poem we ought to cast our eyes, and to whom we are to ascribe a distinction the most honorable that any

mortal has ever merited. If among those heroes there was one who was found to be the most devoted lover of his country and of his king, the most faithful husband, the most tender father, the most dutiful son; if that hero had travelled among all nations known in his time, in order to become acquainted with their manners and their cities; if by his address, his courage, his wisdom, and his eloquence he had constantly directed the army of Agamemnon in the paths of victory, and had rendered it master of Troy; if he had obtained throughout the preference over the other heroes; if he had constantly supported the character of the pious hero of the Iliad as of the Odyssey, might he not confidently be declared the author of the first of those poems, more especially after it had been shown that no one but he could be the author of the second?

I think that I have sufficiently proved that Ulysses is the author of the Odyssey and of the Iliad: but let us now see whether he must not necessarily have been the author of a portion

of the Iliad, which of itself alone is perhaps more surprising than the whole poem. Let us examine whether he has not permitted us to discover with sufficient clearness that himself, in concert with Nestor, was the author of the admirable enumeration of the Greek and Trojan nations, of that chief work, which is totally inexplicable, if it is not the act of a powerful king who unites in himself alone all the knowledge of his age, in geography, in agriculture, in history, in politics, and in eloquence. This third proof would support the other two; and no resources are to be neglected in the attempt to establish a system so new, and to triumph over an uncertainty protected by so many ages.

I open the eleventh book of the Iliad, and I there remark the following passage: "*When Ulysses and I were sent,*" says Nestor, "*to assemble the heroes of all Greece,*" &c. (Il. A. 769.) The commentators, ancient or modern, at least so far as I know, have not attached to this beautiful passage the value and importance of which it is worthy, since it com-

prises a brief and clear explanation of the list. Madame Dacier is the only person who has made a remark upon this subject, full of good sense and reason; but, unhappily, she has not sounded it to the bottom. "Nestor and Ulysses," she says, "were chosen to go into all the states of Greece and exhort the princes to join in the expedition against Troy. There was much wisdom in the choice; for as they were the two men most celebrated in Greece for their prudence, they were perhaps the only persons capable of engaging in so difficult a war." Yes, no doubt, these were the only persons capable of assembling the heroes of their country in order to be led against the enemy; to traverse all Greece at a period when, as Suidas says, travelling was so dear. But they had not only to arm the continent of Greece, but also to put in motion the sovereigns of the Ægean Sea; all the Greeks, in fact, who were to combat against the Trojans.

If the great age of Nestor forced him to limit his services to the continent of Greece, it is probable that Ulysses, the indefatigable

Ulysses, accompanied by another young and active prince, finished the recruiting of the Ægean Sea. It appears at least that he was no stranger to the expeditions which took place in that sea; since, according to the general opinion of antiquity, it was he who was employed to search for Neoptolemus in the island of Scyros; to bring in Philoctetes from Lemnos to the army: and it was certainly more difficult to tear the son of Achilles from the arms of his mother, and to reconcile the son of Pœas with the Atridæ, than to engage the kings of Crete and of Rhodes, Idomeneus and Tlepolemus, to follow the standard of Agamemnon.

In this double conscription of the continent and of the islands of Greece Ulysses must have acquired at great expense and by immense fatigue a perfect knowledge of those regions. That happy genius might also during his embassies to Troy, and during the ten years in which he made war upon the Trojans, have become acquainted with the kingdom of Priam and the states of his numerous allies, the

Mysians, the Phrygians, the Carians, the Mæonians, the Paphlagonians, the Chalybeans, and the Halizonians.

It has been remarked with great truth that the author of the Iliad has given a much less complete and much less detailed description of the kingdom of Priam than of the kingdoms of Greece. This difference is in truth worthy of remark; for it proves at the same time, in a manner the most incontestable, that that great man was not a native of Asia, as has been generally imagined by the ancients and the moderns; for he would certainly know his own country better than that of Greece; and besides, he would not have proclaimed in his poems a preference so decided for the enemies of Asia, and sentiments so hostile to the Trojans, who would in that case have been his neighbours and his countrymen.

I have shown above that Ulysses has presented in his Odyssey the most exact picture of the island of Ithaca. I have just now proved that he has been an eye-witness of the

battles of the Iliad. It now remains for me to verify the exactitude which he has shown in painting all the regions of the catalogue of this immortal work—I repeat it, altogether inexplicable, if it were not the work of an illustrious ambassador accredited by the king of kings to all the sovereigns of Greece.

I quitted then the plain of Ilium to go and study first the kingdom of Priam, from Paphlagonia to Lycia. I visited Egypt, and Thebes with its hundred gates, of which the ruins are still standing. I then traversed all the continent of Greece, all the islands of the Ægean Sea, and all those of the seas of Sicily and Italy. I saw the city of Erechtheus, celebrated for the temple of Minerva; Argolis, abounding in fine horses; Achaia, renowned for the beauty of its women; the spacious plains of Mycalessus; the arid rocks of Pytho; Thisbe, which is still the chosen abode of doves, &c. &c. &c. I visited, in a word, all the treasures of Greece, the most distinguished country in the world, for beautiful scenery, for historic recollections and works of art.

Two celebrated English travellers, Mr. Edward Dodwell and Sir William Gell, had performed before me the general tour of Greece, and had made drawings of all its chief monuments. It is to them that I am indebted for the small number which I have already had executed for the illustration of a larger work on this subject, in order to prove at least by some examples that the author of the catalogue had described the monuments and the scenery with as much exactness and truth as the island of Ithaca and the plain of Troy. The first of those engravings presents us with the temple of Minerva Sunias, on the sacred promontory of Attica. This picture is followed by those of Ægina* and Trœzen; of the course of the Peneus; of the fountain of Hesperia; of the lake of Stymphalus; of the Cyclopean ruins of Tiryns; of the magnificent gate of the citadel of Mycenæ, out of which passed the king of kings with the numerous battalions which he conducted to the siege of Troy; and, last of all, the passage of Alpheus, where

* The present seat of the new government of Greece.

Nestor in his early youth gave such striking proofs of his valor. Arrived on the banks, and near the mouth of the Alpheus, I was so near to the capital of the king of Pylos, and to the port where Telemachus embarked on his return from Sparta to Ithaca; I was besides so worn out with the fatigues which I had experienced in my long travels, that I was strongly tempted to follow the son of Ulysses along the shores of Elis from the embouchure of the Peneus, and to return, like him, into my native country. Would to God that I had persisted in this resolution! I should then have found my father alive after my long absence. But I was still once more excited by my desire of following my hero across the seas of Sicily and Italy. I therefore embarked in the port of Navarino, (Pylos,) which was soon to become the theatre of a great event, happy for certain nations, untoward for others, according to different interests, or perhaps according to political measures wisely concerted.

A violent north wind had cast Ulysses upon the coast of Africa at the moment when he

wished to double the Malean promontory, in order to sail up to Ithaca. This north wind, fatal to the course of Ulysses, was on the contrary most favorable to mine; and in a few days I arrived at the extremity of the Syrtes, where is situated the island of the Lotophagi, (Meninx,) now called Gerby, and where still grows the lotus. I landed on that island; and I there in fact found the fruit-plant with the flower of which the odor was as agreeable as the taste was for the sailors of Ulysses the most dangerous of all poisons; for it extinguished in their hearts the remembrance of their country. From the island of the Lotophagi I passed to that of Ægusa, which the poet seems to have described with as much satisfaction as his dear Ithaca; for we there see the banks crowned with meadows well-watered, always covered with fresh grass and numerous flocks of goats, a port vast and commodious, and that beauteous spring of limpid water sung by the author of the Odyssey. From the island of Ægusa I passed into that of the Cyclops, which, as Ulysses says, was very near. Polyphemus, of whom

he draws so hideous a picture, was not any more than Ulysses himself a fabulous character. He was without doubt a king of the country, deficient in the duties of hospitality. It has been pretended that this king had a daughter of rare beauty, whom Ulysses carried off, and that the inhabitants pursued the daughter of their king, and rescued her from the hands of the ravisher: but how can we attribute such conduct to the virtuous hero who preferred his Penelope to immortality?

After having surveyed the island of the Cyclops, and visited the immense crater which sometimes shakes Sicily and Italy, but which without doubt was silent in the time of Ulysses, inasmuch as he has not even pronounced its name in his narrative to the Phæacians, I repaired to the island of Æolus, where the heroic navigator, protected by the god of the winds, becomes himself the master of the winds. Here the allegory is intelligible; and we may see in it the poetical expression of a natural fact. From the island of Æolus I passed into that of Circe, at this day Monte

Circello. I recognised, with all the other naturalists who have travelled in these parts, an immense quantity of poisonous plants, the deadly nightshade, the datura ferox, the ranunculus sceleratus, and their antidote the moly, which Mercury makes known to Ulysses to secure him against the spells of Circe. Close to the island of Circe I perceived the capital of the Læstrygons, those anthropophagi from whence Ulysses only escaped by abandoning to them twelve of his vessels. It is the hero himself who teaches me the real position of the island of the Syrens, which was unknown in the time of Strabo, and upon which modern geographers had no more certain notions than he. Yet the name only, the island of bones, (Ustica,) ought to have pointed out to them the horrible abode of those goddesses, strewed with the dreadful relics of their victims.

But where I have most admired the genius of the poet, and the fidelity of his pencil, is in his description of the dismal regions of the Cimmerians, and in his surprising picture of

Charybdis and Scylla. Thus the poet has shown himself as faithful a painter of nature in the seas of Sicily and Italy as in the Ægean, in the continent of Greece, in the plain of Ilium, and in the island of Ithaca. Ogygia alone is involved in mystery, which has hitherto evaded all the researches of geographers. Did Ulysses wish to cast a veil over the theatre of his amours with Calypso? This conjecture would agree with his resistance to the charms of the goddess, and his impatience to see once more the smoke of his palace.

It is at the strait of Charybdis and Scylla that I end my observations on the seas of Sicily and Italy. Arrived at Rhegio, I had only a step to take to reach the interesting ruins of Temese in the country of the Bruttii. I repaired thither that I might not leave a single one of the chief geographical points mentioned in the two poems without verifying its existence and position.

Minerva, in the first book of the Odyssey,

approaches Telemachus and says to him: "I am Mentes, king of the Taphians, whose principal occupation is on the sea. I am going to Temese* to fetch copper in exchange for iron." The ruins of that celebrated town and the scoria of its mines have been observed upon before me, and have been described by Swinburne, at the place named Campo Temese, some miles above Amantea. It appears that the commerce of the Taphians with Temese did not take place through the strait, but that the merchandise was deposited on the eastern coast of Italy, and transported by land to Temese upon the western shore.

After quitting Temese, nothing remarkable occurred till I discerned the lofty mountains of Albania, and a favorable wind brought

* The learned Bochart conjectures that the Phœnicians had given the name to that town, as well as to another situated in the island of Cyprus, on account of the minerals which abound in their territory; for Temese in their language signifies fusion, and it is known that the Phœnicians were much engaged in the casting of metals.

me in less than twenty hours within the port of Corfu.

At the time of my voyage from Ithaca to the university of Padua I had had occasion to observe how exact the author of the Odyssey is in his description of the capital and gardens of the king of Corcyra. I had above all admired the circuit of the ancient port, surrounded with hills covered with olive-trees, fig-trees, and orange-trees, thrusting their branches into the waters of the sea. At the village of Chrysida I had remarked the abundant fountain of limpid water which, springing at present from the foot of a beautiful tree, turns a mill at the distance of a few paces. In this second voyage I made an observation which had escaped me in the first, that the pictures of the poet are more numerous, richer, and, if it be possible, of an exactness still more striking, in proportion as they approach nearer to the two principal theatres of the Odyssey and the Iliad. In fact, when I contemplated that beauteous fountain of Chrysida, which was

heretofore divided into two channels, one of which watered the magnificent gardens of Alcinous,* and the other formed a vast basin in front of the palace, for the convenience of the citizens, I had a difficulty in figuring to myself that a schoolmaster had come from the extremity of Ionia to paint with so much care the gardens of Alcinous and the beauteous fountain which watered them. It seemed to me more natural to believe that a picture so minute had been painted by the neighbour and friend of the king; by the king of Ithaca, whose flocks drank at the delicious fountain of Arethusa, and who had fought so long at the beauteous springs of the Scamander.

After having taken a general view of the embellishments and improvements of every kind, which that happy colony owes to the English, my first care was to pay a visit to the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, Major-General Sir Frederick Adam,

* These splendid gardens have received new embellishments from their illustrious possessor, the present Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian islands.

and to the Earl of Guilford, the lord chancellor of the new University, who unfortunately had gone to the waters of Spa; from whence he wrote to me, some days after my arrival (Aug. 15, 1827): "The fatigues of the journey and the bad roads of the Ardennes have given me a disorder of which the waters will not cure me." This mournful presentiment was but too well founded: the noble and generous friend of humanity, the zealous protector of the Greek nation, died three months afterwards in London, at the house of his sister, Lady Sheffield, surrounded by his relations, and an object of regret to all Europe. At the time when I learnt from England the death of my benefactor, I received at the same time from Ithaca the fatal news of the death of my father. These two pure souls are in the bosom of the Almighty, where without doubt they still intercede for the restoration of Greece and the peace of the world.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

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